

physician at South Bergen Hospital and to establish a private practice in surgery, now located in Lyndhurst.

Dr. Tandon has been director of general surgery at St. Mary's Hospital in Passaic since 1992. He has also served as chairman of the hospital's executive committee and president of the medical staff.

Dr. Tandon has held several community positions. In addition to serving as president of the Passaic County Medical Society in 1995, he has been a member of the society's board of trustees, physician for the Lyndhurst school system and police department, and president of the Lyndhurst Lion's Club.

Our Nation enjoys the world's highest standard for modern health care, which is vitally important to every citizen. Dr. Tandon has exemplified the highest professional standards. We express our deepest gratitude to Dr. Tandon and physicians like him who see that the highest quality of care is maintained. Best wishes to Dr. Tandon as he continues his exemplary service to his patients and the Passaic County community.

TRIBUTES TO ISABEL PATTERSON

HON. STEPHEN HORN

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, May 30, 1996

Mr. HORN. Mr. Speaker, recently several hundred friends of Isabel Patterson gathered together to honor Isabel Patterson, who died suddenly and peacefully after a lifetime of service and commitment to her university and her community. She cared about children and young people generally. Isabel knew hardship in her youth, came West from Texas to Long Beach where she found success in education, in business, and in caring.

Mr. Speaker, I ask consent that the eulogies made by three of us be placed in the RECORD. The first eulogy was by Bruce L. Molyneaux, a relative of Isabel Patterson, speaking on behalf of the family. The second eulogy is by Hon. Beverly O'Neill, the Mayor of Long Beach, and third eulogy is by myself, who knew Isabel as a friend beginning with my role as President of her alma mater, California State University, Long Beach.

EULOGY BY BRUCE L. MOLYNEAUX

For those of you who may not know me. My name is Bruce Molyneaux, the Grandson of Isabel's sister Myrtle. Isabel used to comment that I was her "great Nephew". However she wasn't sure what made me so great. I'm not so sure either. You see Isabel had a higher standard of greatness than most people could ever dream of, and she achieved her goals. As easy as it may be to find sorrow in her passing we are truly here today to celebrate her life. She would not have wanted us to mourn for her gifts of wit, knowledge, and goodwill will live forever.

While growing up my family and I called Isabel Aunt Pat. It was only recently when she offered that I could call her Isabel, however I never could quite get used to that. Having Isabel in the family was like having a built in celebrity, never short on excitement.

In the past week I have had an opportunity to share with many of you some of your memories of Isabel. All filled with laughter and smiles and it has made the time that much easier. It also reminded me of how she

could make an entrance exclusively her own. For instance her seventieth birthday when she bought a moped and was planning on riding it to her party but instead arriving in a cab after having it stolen while idling in her driveway. Darn, another missed photo opportunity. Or who could forget the entrance on her 75th birthday two stepping to the yellow rose of Texas as Dick Sharp struggled to keep up.

I am very proud to have known such a strong and caring individual in my lifetime and only hope that all of us can continue her practice of caring and sharing.

I also wanted to thank everyone for their presence here today on behalf of the family, and then it occurred to me that something about that just didn't sound right. When I look around this room I see Isabel's vast extended family, family of friends, and know that we have all shared moments which made her as special to us as any sibling or spouse. So in fact I will thank you, thank you for being part of Isabel's family and your presence throughout her life.

Isabel made a comment to me once, and she said if I didn't remember anything else, to remember this. "All is in the Land" it is the only possession which has true value. Today we return her to that land which allowed her to achieve so much and be so great. Thanks for everything Aunt Pat we love you.

EULOGY BY MAYOR BEVERLY O'NEILL

There is only one Isabel. She was smart. She was irreplaceable. She was sometimes cantankerous and frustrating. She was direct. She was hardworking. She was giving.

It's hard to believe that Isabel won't be around anymore, because she was one of the people who really helped define this City—her City—as she helped to define her College—Long Beach State College—and even colleges and other schools that she never attended but adopted out of love later in life—especially Long Beach City College.

Isabel, as everyone has heard, was from West Texas, from Amarillo in the Panhandle, which is what Texans call that part of Baja Oklahoma, that probes up into that part of the Midwest that Steinbeck wrote about in *The Grapes of Wrath* and which used to be called the "Dustbowl" during the long-ago days of the Great Depression.

My husband's family came from the same area around Amarillo, and I think maybe this had a great deal to do with the connection that Bill and Isabel always felt. If you've ever been in this part of the country, it's not kind or picturesque, but it breeds character. As Isabel often said, it doesn't do much else.

Someone once wrote off an enemy by saying "he had a face like West Texas." Well, Isabel didn't have a face like West Texas—it was more like West Ireland or maybe Norway. But she had the character of that area, and we were lucky enough to have her bring that tough Texas soul out to California in the years just before State College opened in 1949.

About 20 years ago someone wrote a book about a young Texas girl. It was called *True Grit*. It was later made into a movie that starred John Wayne. The phrase beautifully captured Isabel. She had true grit. Nothing stopped her. She just kept on doing what had to be done—until it was done. And then she usually started on something else.

Isabel and I first met over 40 years ago when I graduated from City College and went to Long Beach State. Isabel and my husband were both original 49'ers, and Isabel was always so very proud to have been there at the very beginning. She was, among other things, the first editor of the college paper,

The Fortyniner. She knew everyone, and everyone knew her—which wasn't too hard to do in a school with a student body that numbered about 50 the first semester and about 150 in the second semester. In all events, Long Beach State College was Isabel's school. She took a lot from Long Beach State College but—far more important—she gave a whole lot back to it. She gave money, lots of money—but more important, the long years of hard work and effort that that money represented. But more than this, she brought her love and abiding devotion. She loved the College and she loved the people that went there and the faculty that taught there.

Isabel was so fond of so many people who made the college what it is today, both faculty and students. So many names—many gone, many still with us.

Jumping up to more recent times, there was—and is, of course—President Steve Horn—now the Honorable Steven Horn, Congressman of the 54th District, who was President of the College for an almost unprecedented 17 years and who Isabel unreservedly adored.

After Isabel graduated from Long Beach State College in 1951, she went on to teach elementary school in the Long Beach Unified School District for a couple of years before she went into real estate in Belmont Shore where she worked hard and wisely invested. I think it is more than fitting that today Isabel's name is attached not only to a particular part of the College, but to a part that resonates with her concern for children—the Isabel Patterson School Center.

She also adopted—later on—Long Beach City College. I was at Long Beach City College for many years, and Isabel was very important to that institution. She was interested in students. She knew how much her education had meant to her. She would say, "if a student needs shoes to go to school, you should have a little money to help them." She called her students her jewels. She is the first person in current Long Beach to be called a benefactor.

I love having the opportunity to say a few words about Isabel. Some people pass away and are gone. Isabel may have passed away, but she will never be gone. She lives in the impact that her life had—and continues to have—on others. She will always be present in the College she loved, and the other College she adopted and also fostered. She will live on in the students whose scholarships bear her name and whose academic careers have been deeply affected by her generous and continuous involvement; she will live on in the young children who store their lunch boxes and sweaters in the lockers at the Isabel Patterson Preschool Center five days a week. She will also live on in the City of Long Beach where her name is synonymous with Giving. The great art historian Bernard Berenson once said that "a complete life may be one ending in so full an identification with the non-self that there is no self left to die." Isabel probably wouldn't have been enchanted with the high-flown wording, but she would have heartily embraced the sentiment. She cared enough to endow many others with hope. She lives in that hope and it is expressed in the lives of many others whom she will never meet.

Thank you, Isabel. We will miss you.

EULOGY BY U.S. REPRESENTATIVE STEPHEN HORN

The two beautiful tributes you have just heard would have deeply moved Isabel. We sometimes talked about what it would be like when she died. As I look around here and see all of her friends which would have meant so much to her, I know that she is very pleased.

She often used that old gag, which I believe was first used by George Burns, but he might have gotten it from Isabel. And that is when she awoke in the morning, she first looked at the obituary page of the Press Telegram, and she said, "If my name wasn't there, I decided to get up."

When Isabel told me during a luncheon many years ago that I was to give the eulogy at her funeral, I smiled and told her "You'll live to be a hundred." I had hoped that would be true, and that this day would not come so soon.

During Isabel's wonderful and colorful life in Long Beach, she became a legend. Her generosity to individuals and to local organizations was unmatched. When Isabel gave, she gave not simply in dollars. She gave of herself. When Isabel donated a party in her Penthouse at a charity auction, she would often do all of the cleaning as well as all of the cooking. Friends—some of us in this room—were enlisted to tend bar, or to do cleanup. And I have washed many dishes there, as I think several of you have. Her upbringing on a Texas ranch gave her confidence and self sufficiency. Her years working for the Navy were also to serve her well later as chief organizer, order-giver, bottleshwasher at one and the same time.

She was an excellent student and an excellent athlete. She spent 2½ years at Texas Technological University where she was a fine student and also one of the Campus Queens—in the days when colleges still had Campus Queens.

Her propensity for work and financial need caused her to leave school and go to work at a New Deal agency—the Farm Security Administration. Many of you will remember that agency and the music "The Plow That Broke the Plains" by composer Virgil Thomson. As a young woman, she greatly admired and loved Eleanor Roosevelt and Eleanor's quest for equality. Isabel supervised 25 employees with the Farm Security Administration. She had rave reviews of her work, but when higher level promotions occurred, even though this was a New Deal agency, she was always passed over for a man. So she had personal experience, and an early abhorrence of any type of discrimination. With the coming of the Second World War, Isabel moved to Long Beach.

Her refusal to spend money on what she considered frivolous or overpriced is known to most in this audience. She was a tireless bargain-hunter, in business as well as in her own purchases.

Isabel obviously valued nice things, but she loathed ostentation. Her friends would ask her: Why she didn't travel more? Why she didn't spend more money on herself? Why she didn't stop giving all of her money away, rather than living so frugally? Then she took the satisfaction in telling them that her deep belief was "to give back in life." To think about, and to care about, the next generation and future generations. That was Isabel. She lived it. She urged others to live it, too. For instance, Isabel valued a T-shirt with the palm prints of the little children at the Child Development Center every bit as much—and frankly much more—than any ring she had seen with precious stones. She needed those with the precious stones to turn a few of them in and to help worthwhile community groups.

She cringed when she was described as a "philanthropist" in the local newspaper. Her major gifts to Long Beach and its educational institutions were also legendary and set the precedent for others to do likewise.

One night in the early 1970s, when I was President of California State University, I was hosting a reception during a football game. As usual, we invited various "friends of the university"—which translates into

current and prospective donors to the university. At that time, Isabel was giving a \$1500 grant-in-aid to the 49er Athletic Foundation. In brief, she was paying the student fees and the room and board of a running-back. At the half time reception I heard behind me this enthusiastic Texas drawl which said, "Honey, someday I'm going to give you a million dollars." Within a second, I replied, "I can use \$250,000 right now." "Oh?" she queried. I asked her to join me for lunch in my office during the next week. There I showed her the plan for what became the Isabel Patterson Child Development Center. The leaders of the student government had told me that this center was the most important student need they saw on campus. They put their money where their mouth was, and appropriated \$50,000 to have Architect Frank Sata draw his unique and dynamic plan. Isabel was deeply moved. The project was underway. Thanks to two marvelous directors—Louise Maddox and Pamela McDonald—the Patterson Center was a model from the very beginning for state and nation. Years later, Isabel funded the enlargement of the Center—the doubling of it—and the establishment of the Infant Toddler addition.

Of all the honors she received from community organizations, and as much as she appreciated them, the event that she cherished the most was the annual birthday party in her honor at the Isabel Patterson Child Development Center. Her most prized possessions were the photographs of her with the children on those happy occasions.

Her commitment to "the next generation" and especially little children were evident in her significant support of California State University, Long Beach, Long Beach City College, and the Long Beach Unified School District with loans and grants for individual student support. She wanted students, as has been noted, to have the shoes they needed to attend school.

She cared deeply for the children's programs and this Congregational church and its marvelous minister. She also aided other wonderful institutions in the community such as Cedar House and Sarah Center which help victims of family abuse.

One night, Isabel was seated on my right. And Councilman—at that time Mayor—Tom Clark, was on my left. After I introduced them to each other, Tom noted that "it would sure be nice if the City had a bicentennial clock tower." The next thing we knew, Isabel had committed to the bicentennial clock tower. Later, she wasn't too pleased when the chimes did not always work. Isabel was a great scrutinizer as to what happened with her gifts. The city grew to appreciate the clock tower.

Of course, we all know what happened when Isabel heard an orchestra's rendition of "The Yellow Rose of Texas." Very rapidly the Texan in her came to the fore. Keeping perfect time, she would sa-she-y to the middle of the floor, with arms up raised, waving a "Y'All Come!" invitation. Everyone there HAD to come, for this was her "theme song."

Wherever Isabel living in Long Beach, she kept the neighborhood branch of the Public Library in business. During any week, she would have somewhere between 7 to 12 books going. Her reading was eclectic and her reading was eager. She enjoyed history. She had majored in History at what was then Southern Los Angeles—Orange County State College. That name lasted only one year. The students and the state dropped that name. She read biographies. She read novels. And she remembered and read economics. As a child, she was stimulated by her mother's collection of books and often mentioned how her mother's reading to her inspired a lifelong love of learning.

Although Isabel projected a carefree, fun-loving persona, she was also a serious, and a

concerned observer of the world in which she lived. She saw that world through the eyes of one who lived and survived the harsh demands of the Depression in Texas. Never shirking from hard, physical work, she always attributed her remarkable success in real estate not to luck, but to "hard work"—as she put it—"and a willingness to clean toilets!" Many a shop owner in Belmont Shore recalled Isabel changing rapidly from her school teacher or real estate wardrobe, putting on overalls, and buying what she needed to fix the plumbing in one of the many houses she was systematically acquiring and improving.

Isabel and I differed about very few things. One was her deep distrust of anything to do with politics. Initially, she was adamantly opposed to my running for the House of Representatives. She felt the same way about Beverly O'Neill running for mayor. The reason she gave for opposition to both of us entering politics was that we "were both too honest." That was flattering, but I suspect she did not want to see either of her friends hurt. I would kid her and say "Come on, Isabel, don't worry, faculty politics are a lot more difficult than congressional politics." [great laughter] I used the same excuse for Beverly.

However, after Beverly and I were both successful, Isabel was among the first to be there with words of congratulations and support. I did not know that Isabel had actually changed her party registration in order to vote for me in the primary election, until she told me that "My daddy is turning over in his grave." [great laughter] It was a sacrifice for her too, but it was an example of the lengths she would go for a friend. She was a strong Democrat. She kept reminding me that because she had helped me, every Republican group in America seemed to have her on its regular dunning list. [great laughter] Then she would give a hearty laugh and get back to what was occurring in the city or in real estate or whatever topic currently interested her.

Isabel was noted for looking forward, not backward. This is one trait we both cared about, and shared and valued. Two nights before she died, she was very much looking forward to good times with good friends. In a conversation with my wife Nini, they made plans for lunch and to visit the new Infant-Toddler Center at the University which also bears her name. Isabel noted that she was happily looking forward to a short trip with Pamela MacDonald, the second director of the Center, and Barbara Holden, who was also a University staff member and a good friend.

CSULB—the university—meant much to Isabel. She was—as has been noted—its 18th student. She was the first editor of what became the Daily Forty-Niner. She received her degree in English and History. She began her teaching career and enjoyed her 5th grade students as a result of that education.

And all of those who have called her a friend—as I see throughout this audience—you know what I mean, Isabel knew what was right. As a 5th grade teacher, she knew that phonetics was right. At that time, the Long Beach Unified School District prohibited the teaching of phonetics.

Isabel once told me that she taught the students phonetics with an eraser in one hand and the chalk in the other. And she also kept a weary eye on the door as she was teaching phonetics. If the principal was coming through the door, the eraser would wipe out the phonetics which were on the blackboard.

Her reward for violating district policy occurred at the end of the school year. The students had taken the district wide achievement tests.

And one day, the principal called in Isabel and said "Mrs. Patterson, you must have a very exceptional class. They were 25% ahead of every other 5th grade in Long Beach."

Isabel smiled graciously and accepted the compliment.

In her heart, she knew that her teaching phonetics put her class ahead of every other class in the city.

Jack and Connie Shainline have been most helpful to her in these years when some infirmities were beginning to develop. During what would be her last evening she had enjoyed dinner with her good friend Dick Gaylord, who was always there for her at any hour of need.

Cam Killingsworth perhaps expressed the feelings of a lot of us when she wrote me a note: "Welcome home, even though the circumstances are somber. We all have treasured memories—and maybe some not so—of our Dear Isabel, but nothing can overshadow how much I learned from her. The difference she made in my life and the hope that I might spend the rest of my life striving to make in difference in young people's lives, learning from her extraordinary example."

Cam continues: "I spent some time with her the night she died and I am grateful that she appeared well. We went through stacks of pictures that she had been working on for awhile preparing then to send to various friends. We had some laughs and reminisced some about the warm memories that the images evoked. But the pictures that warmed her heart the most were of the university, especially her birthdays at the Center."

Isabel was pleased to hear the latest news of our grandchild—and I know that she would understand and approve why Nini is not here for her today. She is in Phoenix with our grandchild who was born just a few weeks ago. It is the first opportunity Nini has had to spend a week there to help. Isabel knew that children come first and baby-sitting assignments by grandmothers are necessary.

Isabel Patterson, as we know, was a great woman, and a good woman, a great friend, and a rare human being. She touched the lives of every single one of us in this beautiful church. And I know that in the years ahead, many of things we do will be done because she came into our lives.

TRIBUTE TO CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION

HON. CAROLYN B. MALONEY

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, May 30, 1996

Mrs. MALONEY. Mr. Speaker, today I rise to pay tribute to the Church of the Ascension, which is located in Greenpoint, Brooklyn. I am proud to honor the Church of the Ascension here today in celebration of its 150 continuous years of service to its community.

The early days of the Church of the Ascension are remarkable. The church began in 1846, in the borrowed parlor of a house in Greenpoint, Brooklyn. It was officially incorporated as a church in December 1846, and the Sunday school was established in the following year. Services were held during those first years in the Sunday school room of another church, and later in the Odd Fellows Hall, until October 1853, when the first service

was held in the Church of the Ascension on Kent Street, in Greenpoint, Brooklyn. Ascension bears the notable distinction of being the first church established in Greenpoint, Brooklyn.

Today, I am proud to report that since June 1995, the Church of the Ascension has been led by its first female rector, Rev. Mabel Burke Lewis. Mother Lewis oversees an active Sunday school with regular classes of Bible readings, games, and projects. There are after-school programs and a summer day camp, opportunities for adult education, and adult and children's craft groups during the year. Ascension continues to take a leadership role in the Episcopal charities campaign, and has recently begun an adult literacy program and an AIDS ministry in local hospitals. Mother Lewis has introduced healing services at the church and has brought back 12-step recovery programs, after a long absence. Under the able cadence of Mother Lewis, Ascension works with other churches to feed the hungry in Greenpoint.

The Church of the Ascension has become what it is today through a long succession of very inspirational, effective, and dedicated ministers who led Ascension through good and bad times. Too numerous to list here, their contributions to the parish and to the community are the reason the Church of the Ascension can today celebrate 150 years. From fundraising and eliminating debt, to staging Shakespearean plays, to rebuilding after fire, those dedicated and selfless individuals enabled the Church of the Ascension to answer the spiritual and redemptive needs of its parishioners.

It is for these reasons, Mr. Speaker, that I rise today to pay tribute to the Church of the Ascension for its 150 years of service to the parishioners and community of Greenpoint, Brooklyn. I ask my colleagues to join with me in this tribute and in wishing Ascension another 150 years of continued service.

RECOGNITION OF SAMMY GORDON, A LOCAL HERO

HON. CHRISTOPHER H. SMITH

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, May 30, 1996

Mr. SMITH of New Jersey. Mr. Speaker, not long ago I received word of some remarkable work by a very special young man from my district in Trenton, NJ. His efforts were truly commendable and an inspiration to us all. And so I rise today to pay tribute to Sammy Gordon for his efforts to help the victims of last year's bombing in Oklahoma City.

Last April, upon hearing of the tragedy in Oklahoma, Sammy, then age 12 and a 7th grader at Holy Cross School in Trenton, decided he wanted to help the victims. And help he did. Enlisting support from friends, parents, and local merchants, but mostly by his own wits and gritty determination, Sammy managed to raise \$3,300 selling lemonade. He chose a truly ingenious location—a local drive-by ATM machine—where the customers were both easily accessible and possessed of ready cash.

Sammy and his friend's original motivation for the endeavor had been the worthwhile goal of building a clubhouse. However, when

Sammy heard of the hardships that the bombing victims were enduring, he decided that it would be better to put the needs of others ahead of his own wants.

Sammy's compassion and determination to relieve suffering, stands in marked contrast to the despicable act of wanton cruelty which inspired his efforts in the first place. When a calamity like Oklahoma City is intentionally inflicted, it defies explanation. In the face of such meaningless terror, all of us can be tempted to despair. Responses like Sammy's, however, offer the rays of hope we all need to prevent this despair from setting in. By his act of kindness, Sammy reminds us that this world is far more defined by goodness, than by the evil. The extraordinary success of his endeavor also reminds us that when we take a small step to do good, it can serve as a catalyst and big things can sometimes result.

Finally, Mr. Speaker, this young man demonstrated that personal acts of charity are indispensable to the kind of society we all want to live in. In contrast to Sammy's fast action, it took the Government over a year to decide what the appropriate legal response to this tragedy ought to be. Sammy and others like him stepped forward almost immediately, as only individuals can, and began to fill the overwhelming needs of a community which had been so terribly battered.

In these respects, the money Sammy raised selling lemonade, and forgoing—temporarily, I hope—the construction of his clubhouse, not only helped those who were directly affected by tragedy, but rather it helps us all. That is no small accomplishment.

And so, Mr. Speaker, I rise not only to commend Samuel Gordon, but to thank him as well. I wish Sammy and his friends the best of luck in whatever the future brings them. I believe that if they continue to put the needs of others ahead of their own desires, they will be very happy in their own lives and we will all be richer for it.

AIRLINE PILOT HIRING AND SAFETY ACT OF 1996

HON. JAMES A. TRAFICANT, JR.

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, May 30, 1996

Mr. TRAFICANT. Mr. Speaker, as a member of the Transportation and Infrastructure Subcommittee on Aviation, I am pleased that today the subcommittee approved H.R. 3536, the Airline Pilot Hiring and Safety Act of 1996. The bill requires airlines to share pilot performance records.

Over the past 8 years, there have been six commercial airplane crashes—all but one on small airlines. According to the National Transportation Safety Board, five of these crashes are attributable to pilot error; 111 people were killed in these crashes. In at least four of these fatal accidents, the employing airline was not aware that the pilots had documented histories of poor performance with other airlines that had employed them.

One of these crashes occurred on December 13, 1994, when American Eagle flight 3379 on route from Greensboro, NC, to Raleigh-Durham crashed 4 miles short of the runway while attempting an instrument controlled landing in poor weather conditions. Thirteen